



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

*From a roll of uncertain date.*

Item, for a quarter for Judas light  
iijd. ob. 1596, Among the Expenses  
of entertaining the Mayor with a dinner  
upon St. Bartholomew's day is,  
For turnynge the Spytte iijd.

THE TUDORS.

The following epistles are a strong  
proof of similarity of taste and spirit, in  
Henry the eighth, and his daughter, the  
good queen Bess; the former wrote  
the letter subjoined to ——— bishop  
of Durham, demanding to be put in  
possession of certain lands, and tene-  
ments, attached to the bishopric, a re-  
quest which the prelate declared his in-  
ability to comply with, alleging that  
the consent of the dean and chapter  
should be previously obtained.

The letter written by Elizabeth, was  
addressed to Heaton, bishop of Ely,  
who after having agreed to an exchange  
of some lands, which she wished to  
have speedily executed, seemed un-  
willing to comply.

*Henry's letter.*

Thou proud and haughty prelate,  
Surrender unto me forthwith my  
lands, or by the body and blood of  
C——t, I will blow these, thy dean  
and chapter, off the face of the earth.  
I am thy loving friend Henry.

With *hereditary delicacy*, Elizabeth  
addressed Heaton in the following terms.  
Proud Prelate,

I understand you are backward in  
complying with your agreement, but I  
would have you know, that I who have  
made you what you are, can unmake  
you, and if you dont forthwith fulfil  
your agreement, by the living——, I  
will immediately unfrock you. Yours,  
as you demean yourself, Elizabeth.

HERALDRY.

During the infancy of printing, this  
subject was remarkably popular, so  
much so that treatises on heraldry were  
amongst the foremost which issued from  
the press: of those, that written by Ju-  
liana Bernes, prioress of Sopewell nun-

nery, near St. Alban's, begins in the  
following singular manner.

"Of the off-spring of the *gentilman*  
Shem, came Habraham, Moyses, Aron,  
and the *proffettys*, and also the kyngs  
of the right *lyne* of Mary, of whom  
that *gentilman Jhesus was borne*, very  
God and very man, after his *man-  
hode*, king of the land of Juda, &c. &c.  
Jesus, *gentilman* by his *modre* Mary,  
prince of *Cole Armure*, &c. &c.

THE HARP OF BRYAN BOIROMH.

Was carried off together with the  
crown and other regalia to Rome, and  
presented to the Pope, as his liege  
Lord, by Donagh, after the murder of  
his brother Teig (eldest son of Bryan)  
and his deposition by his nephew, anno  
1023, a circumstance to which Adrian  
the fourth appealed to authorize his  
transfer of this island to Henry II.  
The harp, crown, and regalia remained  
in the vatican till the reign of Henry  
the eighth, when the pope, (reserving  
the *golden crown*, and the regalia  
to himself) sent the *stringed instrument*  
to that King, with the title of Defender  
of the Faith\*; it was presented by Hen-  
ry to de Burgh, first earl of Clanricard,  
from whose family it went into that of  
the M'Mahons of Clenagh, county of  
Clare, in company with a female de  
Burgh, and at her demise, it fell into  
the possession of commissioner M'Na-  
mara, of Limerick. In the year 1782,  
it was presented to the University of  
Dublin, (where it now remains,) by  
the Right honourable W. Conyngham.

\* Might not this have given rise to the  
introduction of the *harp* on the Irish coin-  
age. I have not noticed it on the *coins* of  
any reign anterior to Henry the eighth.  
Whether it was introduced during his reign  
I cannot ascertain, but it may be reason-  
ably conjectured that he who accepted  
the title of *Defender of the Faith*, would  
also endeavour to perpetuate in this coun-  
try the present which accompanied it. I  
have noticed the harp on a silver coin of  
James the first.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### SONG.

LET others sing o' Meg and Jean,  
But what are a' their liltis to me,  
I hae a lassie flings them a',  
My charming Emma Roseberry.

Her coral lips sae sweetly show  
Her weel ranged teeth of pearly hue,  
Like rose-buds moistened wi' a shower,  
Or double cherry wat wi' dew.

Her een sae bright, her form sae light,  
She aften gies my heart a prance ;  
When zephyr-like, she bounds along  
To meet me in the merry dance.

I'll shortly mak her a' my ain,  
And then what is the wail to me,  
For peace and love shall crown my hame,  
Where I've my Emma Roseberry.

If fortune smiles, we'll use her gifts,  
Wi' caution, and sobriety,  
And should we hae a bit to spare,  
There's mair around to share it wi'.

But if our chance be nae sae guid,  
While providence shall grant us health,  
Industry aye will bring us food,  
Contentment is the best o' wealth.

Thus hand in hand we'll pass along,  
This life's uncertain chequered show,  
'Till He whose fiat brought us here,  
Shall call us where we're all to go.

And may the same all gracious pow'r,  
Still guide us by his counsels wise,  
Then death shall only seem a friend,  
To lead to bliss beyond the skies.

*Belfast, 1802.*

#### SONG.

*Tune—"Roy's wife of Aldivalloch."*

DAYS and years of bliss delighting,  
Each to some new joy inviting,  
Quickly how ye're fled from me ;  
Sorrow all my pleasures blighting.

My Emma was the fairest form,  
That ever graced a mortal's dwelling,  
Her modest worth, and peerless charms,  
Were far above my humble telling.

Days and years, &c.

Contentment ever smiled upon us,  
Peace and love were never from us,

Of worldly wealth we were but scant,  
And even of that Hope gave a promise.  
But now the sad reverse to me,  
While memory stern affliction rallies,  
For death has cropt the sweetest flow'r,  
That ever bloomed in Erin's vallies.

Days and years &c.

After labour, how refreshing,

Our frugal meal of simplest dressing,

Delicious it was still to me ;  
When sweetened by my love's caressing.  
Now dark and dreary is each scene,  
Though bleak December's wet and stormy,  
No cheerful fire, no frugal meal,

Nor kiss of welcome is there for me.

Days and years, &c.

Should you wander near a willow,  
Where Lagan westward heaves its billow,  
Pause, and drop a feeling tear,

For Emma there has made her pillow.  
And when this frame the stroke receives,  
Which soon or late must sure betide us ;  
Then gently lay me down to rest,

That death itself may not divide us.

*Belfast, 1805. Days and years, &c.*

#### ANSWER TO MRS. GREVILLE'S PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY A LADY.

WHILST tuneful Greville sweetly sings,  
The joys that cold indifference brings,  
A nobler theme I chuse,  
As tender feelings shall inspire,  
I tune my long neglected lyre,  
And court once more the muse.

I seek not fame, I ask not praise,  
Nor envy all the vernal bays,  
That bloom round Greville's head ;  
The laurel may her brown outwine,  
While, suited to my muse, o'er mine,  
Be humbler myrtle spread.

Sweet type of constancy and love,  
Its emblematic charm shall prove,  
The hope I'll ne'er resign ;  
In friendship warm, in love sincere,  
To me affection's bonds are dear,  
And may those joys be mine !

And pardon, Greville, though I dare,  
While I admire, reprove the prayer,  
That's breath'd in vain by thee ;  
Say shall a heart so formed to know  
The transports that from feeling flow,  
E'er wish for apathy ?

You seek no kind return in love,  
Its hopes and fears you would not prove,  
And scorn a lover's name ;  
You seek no tempting charm to please,  
But sigh for that insipid ease,  
Which every brute may claim.

Oh ! Greville, can that heart of thine,  
That breathes, that glows in every line,  
The sacred touch disown,  
Which bids the tear to pity flow,  
Which melts in grief at other's woe,  
Or makes their joys its own.

Shall she who "as the needle true,"  
That's made to turn and tremble too,  
A gift so rare despise ;  
Shall she, intended but to please,  
Whose smile can sorrow's bondage ease,  
Shall she, indifference prize.

Distress the mind may often wound,  
While bliss can scarce o'erpass the bound  
'Twixt joy and agony ;  
But who this boundary to attain,  
Would not o'erlook whole years of pain,  
Can never feel like me.

Should I a lover's fondness claim,  
I hope to feel an equal flame,  
I'll seek each charm to please ;  
Be blest by blessing what I love,  
And every selfish thought reprove,  
That tends to churlish ease.

Drive calm indifference far from me ;  
'Tis tender sensibility  
Alone true pleasure yields ;  
My days I would not have serene,